

The Mortgage.
We worked through spring and winter through summer and through fall,
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the
steadfast of them all;
It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each
holiday,
It settled down amongst us and it never went
away.

Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad
as the mortgage;
It watched us every minute and it ruled us right
and left,
The first and the light were with us sometimes,
and sometimes not;
The first-borrowed mortgage was forever
in the spot.

The mortgage and the outcrop, they went as well
as came,
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all
the same,
It nailed up every window stood guard at every
door,
And happiness and sunshine made their place
as well as more.

Till, with falling crops and sickness, we got
smaller and smaller,
And the mortgage came a dark day upon us when
the first was paid,
And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind
of saw it hold,
And my weary and discouraged, and the farm
was cheaply sold.

And the children left and scattered, when they
hardly yet were grown;
My wife she pined and perished and I found
myself alone;
When she died of a "mystery," and the
doctor never knew;
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as
I wanted to.

If I trace a hidden sorrow were within the
heart of art,
They found a mortgage lying on that poor
man's heart;
Whether he died, drought or tempest, on a far
land may fall,
But the first-class ruination, trust a mortgage
to do them all.

—Will Carleton.

Take Me, I'm All Thine Own.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.
The hand is free, this heart is pure
for thee and only thee,
I saw thy winning face
I loved not, and was fancy free,
I loved thee, and if thou canst say
"I'm all thine own,"
Then I'll be for thee and me alone—
"Take me, I'm all thine own."

To take thee deeply, truly love;
For the my life I would resign;
But I require in exchange
A heart that will equal mine.
A heart I'd in thy bosom reign,
Without a rival near my throne—
If thou canst this condition meet,
Then take me, I'm all thine own.

To heaven when two are joined in love
Sincerely that "I were death to part;
If I were death if I were doomed
To live on a divided heart.
If thou shouldst ever slight my love,
The crime thou never couldst atone—
But I'll be for thee and me alone—
"Take me, I'm all thine own!"

—New York Weekly.

The Dying Barber.

The dying barber's hands were crossed,
He moved his lips in prayer,
And muttered as he lay and tossed,
"There'll be no parting here."

His work was done, his weary mind
No longer was perplexed,
With visions of the man who whined
Because he wasn't "next."

Across his face so worn with care,
There stole a peaceful hush;
He closed once more beside his chair
And feebly murmured "Brush!"

Then all was still; his tired soul
From earth, cares had flown,
And toward that blessed goal
Where partings are unknown.

—Chicago Herald.

The Homeless Laddie.

Be kind to the bairn that stands at the door;
The laddie is homeless and friendless and poor;
There's a heart to pity that shivers with cold,
That seeks a warm hearth a held from the storm.
Your name may be humble, your haddin' but
bare,

For the poor and the lowly has little to spare;
But will he miss a morsel, though sma' be
your store,
To the poor homeless laddie that stands at the
door.

When the cold wind is goughin' sae eerie and
chill,
And the shaw-takes o' winter lie white on the
hill,
When we meet in the gloamin' around the
door-thatch,
Be thankful for haddin' and hames o' your ain,
And think what the feckless and friendless maun
suffer.

WV' we heart to pity and nae hand to gie;
That wee gutless bosome might freeze to the
core,
Gin ye turn'd the bit laddie awa' frae the door.
The bird seeks a beid o' the wide ocean wave;
In the depth o' the covert the fox has a cave,
And the hare has a den beneath the wild winter's
snow.

But to the homeless laddie has nae hame ava!
Then pity the bairn that's helpless and lone,
Like a gillie to the poor is recorded above;
For the warm heart o' kindness there's bleedin' in
store.

See be kind to the laddie that stands at the door!
Hawick J. Thomson.

How Would You Answer?

What would you do if you had a wee tease,
Asking you daily such questions as these:
"Mamma, do I look simply turn down the light
just when he guesses it's time to be tight?"
"Are flowers made out of a butterfly's wing?"
"Why do the trees put their clothes on in
spring?"
And then when cold winter comes get all un-
dressed?"

"How does the robin get blood on its breast?"
"Will you please explain that letter of Zeb's?"
"Are they made out of a butterfly's wing?"
"How does the cat in the moon smoke while look-
ing about?"
And are the blue clouds just the smoke he puffs
out?"
And the stars, are they just the wee sparks he
lets drop?"
"Do cat-tails grow up from—?" But here I will
stop.

And ask you again, Will you tell, if you please,
How you would answer such questions as these?
—Harper's Young People.

CHOOSING.

She sat by his side in the corner nook,
In the gloom and blush of youth,
And the maiden frankness of her open brow
Was lit by the light of truth.
Can the word of conduct if her heart beat fast,
As the word she longed to hear,
With a sound like the sweep of Love's silken
wing,
Broke softly on her ear?

But why in her eyes is that far-away glance?
And why is that catch in her voice?
"Al, who can tell that may be hid—
All that lies in a woman's choice?"
Then her face is raised, with a look, to him,
And a smile like the grace of
"Why, of course I will, 'Vanilla' she said,
So be ordered two plates more."

WARNER'S Safe Cure removes headache,
dizziness, nausea and convulsions. Why?
Because the troubles are symptoms of
malaria (uric acid poisoning). "Reynold's
System of Medicine" says of the symptoms
of uraemia: "They generally begin insid-
iously, with headache and vomiting, followed
by heaviness, indifference and somnolence,
succeeded by general convulsions and
coma."

THE HOME CHURCH.

Things About the Household that Every
Woman Ought to Know.

THE DRESS OF TO-DAY.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To give stoves a good lustre add either
sugar or alum to the lead.

Remove stains from cups and saucers by
scouring with fine coal ashes.

Vinegar improves by keeping, therefore
it is best to lay in a large supply.

A raw cranberry, cut in two, and half of
it bound over a corn, is recommended as a
relief.

Individual plates for vegetables are not
used much now. Only salads are separat-
ely served.

Cold tea is the best thing with which to
clean grained wood. Never use ammonia
for this work.

After washing a wooden bowl dry it at a
distance from the stove, so that it may not
warp or crack.

Lime free from grit mixed with alcohol
applied with leather will give a beautiful
polish to steel.

When recipes call for a cupful it means
just half a pint; this amount in granulated
sugar weighs just half a pound.

Chamois can be washed in warm water
without soap; rinse well, and pull and
stretch to soften while drying.

Salt will curdle new milk; so in prepar-
ing custards or puddings the salt should not
be added until the dish is prepared.

Binding a piece of lemon around the
toe, rubbing the corn with green peach tree
leaves, are both very good remedies.

Meat and vegetables are much better if
served when they are done than if left to
get cold before they are eaten.

To remove tar, rub well with clean lard,
afterward wash well with soap and water.
Apply this to either hands or clothing.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot
in pure melted tallow, then wash out the
tallow and the ink will come out with it.

A silver spoon put into a glass jar will
temper it so that it can at once be filled
with anything hot, even to the boiling
point.

How many have tried sunflowers for
bean poles? Plant them very early, and
when one foot high plant two beans to a
stalk.

To break up a bad cold bathe the feet, or
the whole body, in very hot water, and
drink a cup of hot ginger tea and go im-
mediately to bed.

Be very particular about disinfecting the
kitchen sink. Washing soda, two table-
spoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water makes
a good disinfectant.

Red pepper pods or a few pieces of char-
coal thrown into the pot in which onions,
cabbages, etc., are being boiled will prevent
the unpleasant odor.

Starch polish.—A piece of stearine, candle
spermaceti, or white wax as large as a
robin's egg will give a nice gloss. A tea-
spoonful of salt to each pint of starch will
prevent sticking.

If the coal cinders, when taken from the
stove, are put in an old tin and cold water
poured over them, in an hour you will have
nice clean cinders that will burn clear and
good, without the disagreeable trouble of
sifting them.

An emergency cabinet should contain a
roll of old linen and one of soft flannel,
a graduated glass for medicines, court plaster,
turpentine, and one of sweet oil, a china
jar of mixed mustard (fat poultice), and
any medicines prescribed by a physician.

Silverware, to keep bright, should never
be washed in soapwater. Clear water is best.
To prevent articles from tarnishing, wash
them and apply with a soft brush a thin
solution of collodion in alcohol. The ware
can be brightened by rubbing with a flannel
or chamois skin dipped in whiting or
chalk, then with a newspaper.

Hints About Dress.

The newest blouses are made of washing
silk, trimmed with stripes of a figured
border.

Silk shoes and stockings of the same
color as the gown accompany ball and even-
ing toilets.

Hosiery worn with low walking shoes
should be the color of the shoes, usually, of
course, black.

A cloth mantle for children is made with
a yoke, the skirt portion gathered to it, and
pinked all round. It is inexpensive and
picturesque.

Lace and embroidered skirts of last
summer may be worn this year by arrang-
ing them as tunics, mounted at the top
with a casing with colored ribbon run
through.

Many ladies have their travelling dresses
made with contrasting waistcoats, which
may be changed as will, thus allowing a
variation of costume when trunks are not
available.

A pretty empire poke for country wear
is of green straw, the brim faced with
green velvet, three or four shades of
green ribbon being bunched on the
crown, holding a cluster of large white
daisies.

Very ladylike and dainty costumes for
summer are shown, made of a handsome
quality of Bengaline or surah, figured with
small devices over grounds of gray, amber,
terra cotta, strawberry, reseau, pale olive
and old rose.

Waistcoats, draperies, as well as the straight
styles, are employed for Indian and Burmese
silk, and they are trimmed, according to
the use for which they are indicated, with
velvet revers, etc., or with quantities, more
or less, of creamy lace.

The revolution in sleeves is being ac-
cepted, and some of the newest are very
wide at the top, and either lace or button
inside the arm. French women allow them
to droop over the hand, carrying out the
medieval mode in its entirety.

The new fancy straw head-coverings
show all sorts of fancy designs. In many
of the bonnets and round hats they are
arranged in what is known as "row and
row" braids, these showing very chic and
pretty effects in color and device.

Princess dresses of "oyster-shell" white
satin are favorite gowns with wealthy

downagers. These are draped with crepe
de chine, also in oyster-shell white, which
new shade has a gleaming silvery-gray
tint with no cream whatever in its reflec-
tions.

Corduroy is to be the material of the
autumn and winter, and it is now being
made up into evening cloaks which com-
pletely envelope the figure, reach to the
hem of the dress, and fit in the back, the
collars rounded and standing up about the
throat.

There is certainly nothing in the jewel
or floral kingdom which can quite take
the place of lace as a personal adornment.
All do not look well in either jewellery,
or ribbons, or flowers, but the softening
and beautifying power of lace is almost
magical.

A Story About Carlotta Patti.

The Birmingham Mail tells a local anec-
dote of the late Mme. Carlotta Patti.
She was to sing in the Town Hall one
evening in 1874. With the laudable desire
to induce all Birmingham to come and
hear their nightingale Messrs. Harrison,
the concert managers, announced the can-
tratrice as a "sister of Adelina Patti." If
this latter famous name was writ
very fine and large upon the bills, it
may have been the printer's
accident; it may have been the com-
piler's design. What, indeed, does it
matter now that nearly fifteen years have
passed? The concert did not promise
very well, all the same. When, however,
the hour for its commencement drew near,
there were not many seats vacant, for the
entrepreneurs had resorted to an expedient
not unknown in their business. They had
distributed complimentary tickets rather
freely, and Carlotta was assured at any
rate of a large audience when she came.

But Carlotta, like Mariana's lover, tarried
long. She tarried so long that Mr. Percy
Harrison thought it might be as well
to walk round to her hotel and jog her
memory. He had but time to exchange a
few brief, burning sentences with her
before an express bore her away to London.

She had come and seen the bills, and proper
pride had conquered her. Was she, Car-
lotta Patti, to sing under the sign of her
happier sister's name? Indeed not; and
there was an end on't. Not for Mr. Percy
Harrison. He had to explain to his audi-
ence, to prove them their money back.

Some loyal patrons stayed and heard the
benefit programme. Some went. And there
were dead heads, to their eternal shame be
it recorded, who drew money from the
check-takers on their complimentary
tickets. One gentleman claimed for a cab
in from the distant country, and got it.

With much magnanimity he refrained from
claiming for his wife's bouquet. It's an ill
wind that blows nobody good. Edwin and
Angelina had received complimentary
tickets. In the heat of the moment he
drew 10s. on them; and bought her some
flowers. Edwin's second thoughts were
honest; and he returned the money. But
Angelina kept the gloves. And the lovers
were estranged. This is authentic.

Here are a Few Things that it Will Pay to
Remember.

Here are a few miscellaneous hints, rules,
and facts worth remembering:

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and
a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet
of wall.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches
to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of
surface, and five pounds of shingle nails
will fasten them on.

A box 16 inches square and 8 2-5 inches
deep will contain one bushel.

One cent saved each day and put out at
6 per cent interest will accumulate to \$950
in fifty years.

Eight bushels of good lime, 16 bushels of
sand and one bushel of hair will make
enough good mortar to plaster 100 square
yards.

A stone, used by grocers, is equal to 14
pounds.

It takes from 11 to 12 bushels of wheat to
sow one acre of ground.

To find the amount of hay in a mow
allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

A thousand laths will cover 70 yards of
surface, and 11 pounds of lath nails will
nail them on.

How Women Have Corrupted Men.

The gum-chewing habit is certainly on
the increase throughout the country. An
epidemic has fastened itself upon the best
and fairest of America's daughters from
Maine to California, and from 5 years of
age up to those uncertain days that lie
beyond the hope of matrimony. And from
the daughters and wives and sweethearts
this form of maxillary calisthenics has
been communicated to fathers, husbands,
sons and lovers until America has become
a nation of gum-chewers. The sales of
chewing gum in Minneapolis have nearly
doubled in the last year.—Pioneer Press.

More Than He Fished For.

Miss Dovecot (hostess)—Why don't you
come into the parlor and dance, Mr. Ork-
wood?

Mr. Orkwood (who loves flattery)—Ah,
dear me, you know, I darned so beastly,
don't know, that I'm sure I'd make a fool
of myself.

Miss Dovecot (reassuringly)—You
couldn't do that, I'm sure, Mr. Orkwood.
You know it takes a wise man to play the
fool.

What Disturbed Him.

"I always sleep with my watch under
my pillow," said a travelling man to a
friend during a conversation concerning
train robberies.

"I used to do that, but I've quit it."
"Why?"

"Because I never could tell which was
keeping me awake, the watch or the bed
tickling."

Qualified.

"Hello, Lamb, are you still striking it
rich in Wall street?"

"No; in fact, I lost all I had there!"
"I'm sorry for that. What are you
doing now?"

"Just now I'm writing 'Tips for Specu-
lators' for the daily press."

A Necessary Delay.

Mrs. Willowly—Have you ordered your
new dress yet?

Mrs. Gushington—Not yet. I am wait-
ing to see what Bridget is going to wear.

HEART FAILURE.

Is Too Frequently Given by Physicians as
Cause of Death.

The American Analyst thinks it would be
an excellent idea if physicians of the
present day would vent some other reason
for about all the deaths which occur nowa-
days than the heart failure. It is difficult
for any one conversant with the organs of
the human body to understand how any
human being can die without heart failure,
while the causes of the failure of the heart
at death may be very numerous. This
might not be of serious moment where it
is not for the fact that hundreds of people
are being nearly frightened to death by the
constant use of the cause for sudden deaths,
and many people who are sick, and neces-
sarily have some heart symptoms, are kept
in constant terror by reading or hearing in
other ways of death after death by heart
failure. I would be well if physicians who
are too indolent or too ignorant to search
out the disease lying back of the heart
failure to consider how much harm they
are doing the community, and if they can-
not correct the habit, newspapers and the
public should avoid giving currency to this
unfounded and dangerous phrase. There
are probably no more deaths from heart
failure in these times than heretofore, but
a new cause for death has been coined, and
the nervous and timid are being severely
injured by it.

Sale of Southdowns at West Wickham.

The world-famed flock of pure bred
Southdowns sheep, which, as was ap-
plied, has taken Mr. Henry Webb, of
Streety Hall, Linton, Cambs., a lifetime of
labor and love to bring to their present
state of almost absolute perfection, was
brought to the hammer on Wednesday
afternoon, Mr. John Thornton, the eminent
auctioneer, as he had done on the previous
day at Sandringham, conducting the sale
with that ability, geniality and courtesy
which characterize all his dealings. When
the Babraham flock, belonging to Mr.
Jonas Webb, was dispersed, realizing an
average of £11. 15s. 9d. for 927 head, Mr.
Henry Webb increased and improved his
flock by the addition of about seventy of
his father's best old ewes from the sale, as
well as several rams of different ages. The
Babraham flock has a world-wide reputa-
tion; it was descended from the Sussex
flocks, the blood of the sheep of Mr.
John Eilman (who may be called the father
of the breed) being its mainstay. The
principle has been to raise a flock having
purity of blood with hardy constitutions,
that any farmer might breed from, and
from which exhibitors might select show
yard winners. The sheep are on a large
scale, being very short-legged with deep
carcases, with grand heads, fine sloping
shoulders, and good thick legs of mutton;
whilst the wool, which has been an especial
study, is thick and close, and of remark-
ably fine quality. The sheep are folded
throughout the year on the land, for out
of about 550 acres only about 30 are pas-
ture. It may be mentioned that the high-
est price for sheep of any breed last year
was realized by a Southdown ram, which
was by a son of one of Mr. Henry Webb's
sheep. There was a large gathering from
all parts of the country, the company
present including the Duke of Richmond,
Mr. Clarke Goodwood (his Grace's agent),
Mr. Beck (H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's
agent), Mr. E. W. Beck (agent to Lord
Hastings), Mr. Smith (Duke of Hamilton's
agent), Mr. Turner (agent to the Marquis
of Bristol), Mr. B. D. Cook (Kimbolton,
agent to the Duke of Manchester) Mr.
Blair (agent to Mr. E. J. S. Foljambe),
Mr. Prentice (Stowmarket, Secretary to
the Suffolk Sheep Society) Mr. Alfred
Heasman (editor of the Sussex Herald
Book), Messrs. R. A. Houlton, T. Drake,
T. Chalk, H. J. Cheffins, Grimwood, Cook
(Horsehead), Martin and George Slater,
J. Claydon, W. G. and S. Jones, S. Lev-
erett and others. A *recherche* luncheon,
supplied by Mr. Meeks, of the Crown
Hotel, Linton, was set out in a spacious
barn, tastefully decorated for the occasion.
Accommodation was provided for between
300 and 400 guests. The Duke of Rich-
mond, who presided, in proposing the
health of Her Majesty and the Royal
Family, referred to the great predilection
show by the Queen for everything con-
nected with agriculture, to the interest Her
Majesty had shown in the Windsor Show,
and to the forthcoming marriage of the
Princess Louise of Wales. (Cheers.) His
Grace next gave what he termed the toast
of the afternoon. He was extremely flattered
when some months ago his friend Mr.
Webb honored him by asking him to
preside on the present occasion. (Applause.)
He entertained the liveliest recollection of
his excellent father, whom he had held in
the warmest regard; he was a man who
was well known amongst agriculturists,
and respected by all classes. (Cheers.)
They had before them a candelabra, pre-
sented to the late Mr. Webb by the Emperor
of the French, in recognition of the gift of
a ram. (Applause.) He (His Grace)
almost thought if his friend would give
him the choice of one of his rams that day
he would imitate the example of the
Emperor of the French. (Applause and
laughter.) There was no pleasure without
alloy, and their pleasure was somewhat
marred by the thought that they were
assembled to witness the dispersion of one
of the most famous herds of Southdowns
which had ever existed in the country. He
had an hereditary interest in the South-
downs. (Applause.) They had been
handed down to him, and he was endeavor-
ing to maintain the honor and credit of the
breed. They would all admit that the
sheep about to be sold were the best spec-
imens of any Southdown ewes produced at
any sale. (Applause.) Mr. Webb suitably
responded. Mr. Charles Howard sub-
mitted "The health of the Duke of Rich-
mond," who was one of the most popular
and respected noblemen in the country,
and who had been aptly described by the
Prince of Wales as the farmer's friend.
(Cheers.) The Chairman said he was
always delighted to find himself at a meet-
ing of agriculturists, for he felt he was
amongst a body of friends. They had
passed through many years of agricultural
depression, which had been felt by all
classes—owners, occupiers and laborers—
but he now trusted there was a gleam of
hope for the future, and he concluded by
giving them the sentiment, "Live and let
live." (Cheers.) Mr. Seymour, of Pres-
ton, Kent, proposed the health of Mr.
Thornton. Mr. Thornton felicitously re-
marked upon that truly English scene, and
the occasion which had brought them

together. (Cheers and laughter.) The
party now made their way to the sale ring,
and after a few *apropos* observations by Mr.
Thornton, the real business of the day
commenced. The result was considerably
in advance of general expectations. Eighty-
three rams realized £32,696 8s., an average
with a fraction, of £32 9s. 9d. The highest
price was fetched by lot 12, and the Duke
of Richmond was loudly cheered as Mr.
Thornton declared it sold to His Grace for
210 gs. (the top price for a ram at Mr.
Webb's father's sale was, we are informed,
260 gs.) Mr. Harry Brassey secured
another fine animal for 190 gs.; Mr. Lucas,
a couple, which fetched respectively 150 gs.
and 100 gs.; Mr. Murieta also had to bid
150 gs. for a yearling, and Mr. Edwin Ellis
140 gs. The ewes, 415 in number, made
£3,043 5s., averaging nearly £7 11s. 6d.
The grand total of the 489 sheep catalogued
was £5,739 13s., with an all round average
of close upon £11 10s. 6d. Mr. Thornton
congratulated Mr. Webb at the close, and
said the sale would be recorded in history
as one of the most remarkable in sheep-
breeding.—Southwest Suffolk Echo, July 6th.

STRANGLER BY A DOG.

A Baby Killed by a Playful Puppy.

By a most singular accident a baby lost
its life in Kentucky yesterday. John
Howard, a farmer, lives about two miles
below Ludlow, opposite Riverside. Yester-
day his wife, while engaged in her house-
hold duties, sat her 13-months-old child on
the floor. The little one began playing
with a puppy that happened to be in the
room at the time. Fastened around the
puppy's neck was a long, light chain that
dragged on the floor. The baby and puppy
were having a lively time when Mrs.
Howard heard a bump. She looked around
and saw the little playmates tangled up in
a heap, the puppy having pulled the baby
over. The mother started to pick the child
up, when she was horrified to find that the
face was distorted and its body limp. She
also found that during the play the loose
end of the chain had in some way become
wrapped around the baby's neck, choking
it to death in the presence of its mother.
Every effort was made to restore respira-
tion, but it was too late.—Cincinnati En-
quirer.

New Stationer's Fancies.

An eagle's claw in exquisitely wrought
ornaments makes an unique and handsome clip.
An eagle's feather in bronze, perfect in
color and plume, makes a beautiful pen-
tray.

A silver lute, with a sheet of music rest-
ing lightly upon it, makes a very ornamen-
tal ash tray.

A cute little bronze paperweight consists
of a bright-eyed, fluffy, yellow chick stand-
ing on a feather.

A small, circular, black leather inkstand,
with oxidized silver fittings, has on the
cover a tiny, russet leather wallet for
stamps.

A tiny cucumber, as green and fresh-
looking as if plucked before sunrise, is one of
the latest conceits for pocket match safes.

Dufferin and Temperance.

Canada's most popular Governor-General,
Lord Dufferin, was, as the notable man
whom the late T. H. Parker successfully
sought to influence on the temperance
question.

A friend who visited Turkey,
and spent a week at Constantinople with
Mr. Barker, paid a complimentary visit to
Lord Dufferin, who was then Britain's
representative there. "Mr. Barker was
always true to the temperance question,
and lost no opportunity of advancing it.
With admirable tact he took occasion to
lay before his lordship (interspersed with
general conversation) some striking remarks
on his favorite question, and I fancy they
made an impression on his lordship which
will not soon be forgotten by him."

Women of Note.

There are 275 women preachers in the
United States.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the most famous
of women journalists, has lived in Paris
for more than thirty years.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been
engaged to edit the children's department
of a syndicate of English and American
newspapers, for which she is to receive
\$7,500 a year.

Mrs. George H. Corliss will erect a fine
building for the Young Men's Christian
Association at Newburyport, Mass., as a
memorial of her late husband, the famous
engine-builder.

It is by no means improbable that the
Landgrave of Hesse will marry one of the
younger daughters of the Prince of Wales,
and that the hereditary Prince of Hohen-
lohe-Langenburg will become the husband
of the other.

Land in the Argentine Republic.

Some idea of the